

# VOICES FROM ERIN

BY

DENIS A M<sup>c</sup>CARTHY







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There are always voices calling to the exile over-seas,  
Cries from Erin's mother-heart are on the wings of  
every wind,  
And they fill the mind with pictures, and the heart  
with memories  
Of the days of love and youth that, long ago, he  
left behind.

There are always voices calling—and the clamorous  
demands  
Of the present, its ambitions and its triumphs and  
its fears  
Can not lessen for an instant, tho' he strays in distant  
lands  
All the sweetness to the exile of the dreams of other  
years!





DENIS A. MCCARTHY.



# VOICES FROM ERIN



# Voices from Erin

by

Denis A. McCarthy

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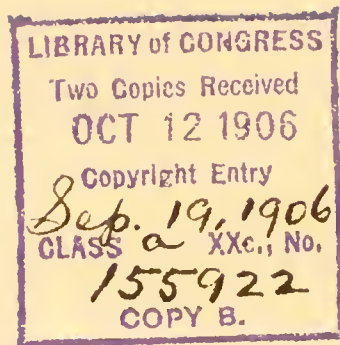
Work without thought of fortune or of glory,  
Fly to the moon in fancy if you wish,  
Write not a word that comes not from your heart.  
And still be modest. Tell yourself, "My child,  
Content yourself with fruits and flowers—nay, leaves—  
If you have gathered them in your own garden."

ROSTAND.

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“A thousand times welcome. . . . It was an honor duly appreciated to publish poetry like—‘Ballinderry,’ for instance.”

The illustrations of this volume are from photographs made for the author a few years ago by Mr. Robert Cash, photographer, of Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland. They appear here through the courtesy of *Donahoe's Magazine*.





# Dedicated

TO ALL WHO IN THEIR LOVE FOR THE NEW LAND  
HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THE OLD.



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# The Day Of The Gael

Once more we gather in the sacred name  
Of that far country where our race arose,  
Once more we come to feed the sacred flame  
Of Irish love in every heart that glows;  
Once more we meet within whose veins there flows  
The blood of those who made her ancient glory,  
To celebrate the day the wide world knows—  
The one bright day in all old Ireland's story.

This day is dear to us. This day our race  
Renews its youth the whole broad earth around;  
This day our love o'erleaps all sundering space,  
And homeward hies beyond all hindering bound;  
This day, where'er an Irishman is found,  
(And whither can you go and fail to find him?)  
His faithful spirit haunts the holy ground,  
The consecrated sod, long left behind him.

And even those whose eyes have never seen  
The shine and shadow on their fathers' hills,  
Have ne'er been gladdened by the living green  
Reflected in a thousand Irish rills,  
To-day their hearts a tender feeling fills,  
Upon their ears to-day a voice is falling,  
A voice that touches them, a voice that thrills—  
The voice of Erin to her children calling.

The “sea-divided Gael” is one to-day—  
From North to South, from farthest East to West,  
The spreading oceans can not stop nor stay  
The spark that speeds from Irish breast to breast;  
We’re brothers all at motherland’s behest,  
Heart cleaves to heart with tenderest devotion,  
And dark dissension passes like a jest  
In all the glow of this dear day’s emotion!

The winds of fate have blown us far and wide,  
Of cruel laws we’ve known the bitter ban,  
But all in vain oppression’s hand has tried  
To bend us to a proud imperial plan.  
We are no remnant of a conquered clan—  
Eight hundred years of tyranny and terror  
Defiant leave us as when first began  
Their long, long reign of ignorance and error!

We’ve known defeat, we’ve known the anguish keen  
Of those who see their country’s glory fled,—  
The famine days—the living spectres lean—  
The little children hungering for bread.  
And yet the Irish nation is not dead!  
In spite of sword and suffering and sorrow,  
When all seems lost, again she lifts her head,  
And turns expectant toward some bright tomorrow!

On England’s realm the day is never done,  
She well may boast her far-flung battle-line

Her morning drum-beat following the sun,  
She rules alike the palm-tree and the pine.  
But, Erin dear, a wider sway is thine!  
A truer state of empire thou maintainest!  
Thy right to homage is a right divine  
Because, dear land, by love alone thou reignest!

The empire won by steel and held by force  
Must some time fail, must some time fall to nought,  
The onward moving years' resistless course  
Full many a dynasty to dust has brought.  
Belshazzar's kingdom cunningly was wrought,  
And yet there came a day of dire disaster,  
There came a message that with meaning fraught  
Foretold the triumph of another master!

Thus power has passed, and thus will pass again.  
God lives and reigns whate'er the fool may say.  
God is not mocked. He keeps his tryst with men,  
He bides his time until the appointed day.  
And then he moves. And then he sweeps away  
The fabrics fondly made to last forever,  
And then a ruin where the lizards play  
Is all that marks the place of proud endeavor!

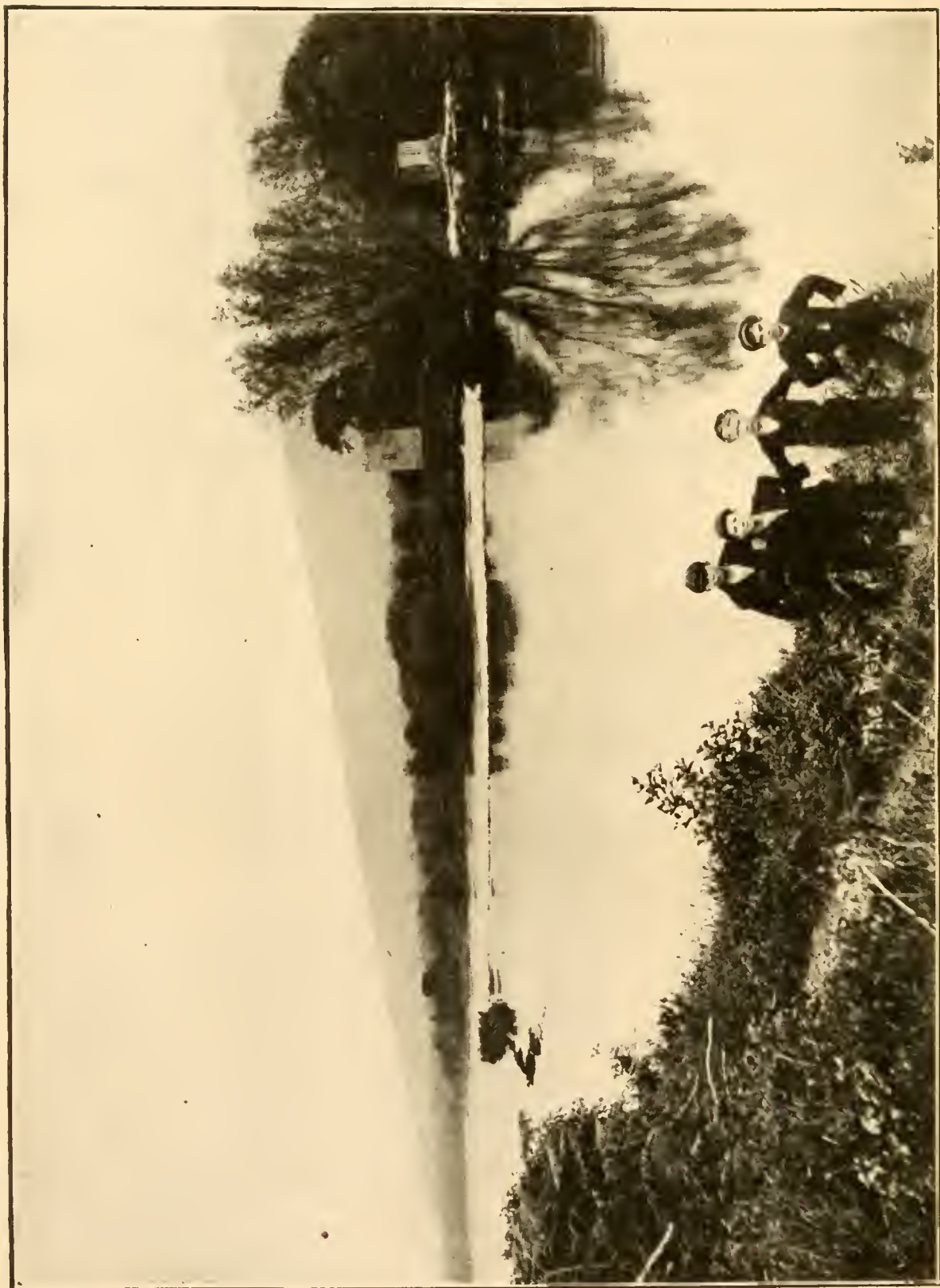
This, this is Erin's comfort in her grief  
And this her consolation in her care:  
She holds unshaken still her old belief  
That God's high judgments are not false but fair;

When other peoples perish in despair,  
Or bow the knee before unholy altars,  
Whatever cross poor Ireland's shoulders bear,  
Her Christian courage never faints nor falters!

And so this day's a day of faith and hope!  
Whate'er misfortunes through the year may fall,  
To-day in darkness we refuse to grope,  
To-day our fingers fling aside the pall.  
To-day we answer to the clarion call  
Of those at home—true-hearted sons that love her,  
To-day we pledge our fealty to all  
Who strive to place her own free flag above her!







“ AH, SWEET IS TIPPERARY! ”

## Ah, Sweet Is Tipperary

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,  
When the feathered folk assemble and the air is all  
a-tremble  
With their singing and their winging to and fro;  
When queenly Slieve-na-mon puts her verdant ves-  
ture on,  
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;  
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that  
dance—  
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
When the mists are rising from the lea,  
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all  
beguiling  
And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;  
When the shadows and the showers only multiply the  
flowers  
That the lavish hand of May will fling;  
When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays—  
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
When life like the year is young,  
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom  
breaking,  
And love words linger on the tongue;  
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,  
And love dreams cluster and cling  
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure,  
half of pain—  
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

## Eve Of All Souls

Cometh again the feast of those who have journeyed  
before us,  
Those who have passed beyond, and left us behind  
heavy-hearted,  
Over the world arise the prayers of the living in chorus,  
Asking the mercy of God on the souls of the faithful  
departed.

Cometh again the day of those who have loved us, and  
cherished,  
Those on whose strength we have leaned, whose  
spirit has helped and befriended,  
Those in whose love we have lived as the plant by the  
sunlight is nourished,  
Those who have cheered us and smiled till the grief  
that assailed us was ended.

Cometh again the time in these opening hours of  
November,  
Time when the bonds of the spirit are closelier  
drawn in devotion,  
Time when the heart of the Church is especially  
moved to remember,  
Time when her orisons rise with a noise like the  
moan of the ocean.

Never before I knew the meaning and depth of the  
morrow,  
Never before its truth had power my mind to  
awaken,  
Never before 'till now—when sore is my heart with  
the sorrow,  
Sore with the sorrow that came when the friend of  
my bosom was taken.

Cometh the feast of the dead. Oh friend, whose  
departure bereft me!  
I have no fear you are gone on a voyage alone and  
uncharted,  
Great is my grief, yet I know you are safe, since the  
moment you left me,  
Safe in the keeping of God in the port of the faith-  
ful departed!



# The Wind From Slieve-Na-Mon

The gentle wind from Slieve-na-mon, how softly would  
it sing  
Across the verdant valleys at the opening of the spring!  
How tenderly 'twould whisper of the summer coming on,  
The sighing wind, the singing wind that came from  
Slieve-na-mon!

The gracious wind from Slieve-na-mon, how kindly  
would it croon  
Across the silent meadows in the summer-stricken  
noon,  
What respite and relief it brought to every weary one,  
The kindly, cooling, blessed wind that blew from  
Slieve-na-mon!

The wailing wind from Slieve-na-mon, I seem to hear  
it still  
As long ago I heard it from the fairy-haunted hill,  
As long ago I heard it when the harvest moon was  
wan,  
And feared the banshee's wailing in the wind from  
Slieve-na-mon!

The roaring wind from Slieve-na-mon, how wildly  
    would it blow,  
When winter cast upon its wings the burden of the  
    snow!  
It shook the house with fury and it shook our hearts  
    anon,  
The wild and wintry wind that came from stormy  
    Slieve-na-mon!

The magic wind from Slieve-na-mon—sometimes it  
    was a blast  
Of faint enchanted bugles blown from Ireland's glori-  
    ous past,  
How many a dream it brought of days when Ireland's  
    banner shone,  
And Irish cheers were mingled with the wind from  
    Slieve-na-mon!

The lonesome wind from Slieve-na-mon—Ah, weary  
    heart of mine,  
It blows across a grave to-day as sacred as a shrine,  
It blows across my mother's grave wherein when life  
    is gone  
God grant that I may rest beneath the wind from  
    Slieve-na-mon!

## 'Tis Spring Again

'Tis Spring again and the woods are wet  
With the gracious gift of the April rain,  
The sign of approaching summer is set  
In the tender green of the plain,  
The robin rests in his flight and shakes  
A clinging drop from his shining wing,  
And over the woodland silence breaks  
The first sweet song of the spring!

'Tis spring again and the grasses hark  
To the magic message the winds convey,  
The flowers push through the damp and the dark  
To star the meadows of May;  
The rivers long in the winter's trance  
Now over the rocks their waters fling,  
Or softly steal where the sunbeams glance  
Through blossoms and buds of spring.

'Tis spring again and the vagrant heart  
Of the poet pent in the city's walls  
Is flying far from the crowd apart  
Where the voice of the young year calls.  
For tired is he of struggle and strife  
Of thoughts that trouble, of cares that cling,  
And dreams of a sweeter, simpler life  
Awake at the touch of the spring!

# My Own Dear Land

My own dear land, there's no other like you, none!  
Or east or west no other land so fair beneath the sun;  
However beautiful they be, however high they stand,  
They can not rival Rosaleen \*, my own dear land!

My own dear land, there is music in your name,  
There's magic in the memory of your olden, golden  
fame,  
There's glory in the story of the gleaming battle-  
brand  
Of those who died for Rosaleen, my own dear land!

My own dear land, it is years since I have seen  
The mist upon your mountains and the sunny vales  
between,  
'Tis years since I have watched the day die out along  
the strand,  
The shining shore of Rosaleen, my own dear land!

My own dear land, I have dreamed of you for years,  
I've wept for you with longing and I've longed for you  
with tears,  
But miles of billows racing on across the sounding  
sand  
Have kept me far from Rosaleen, my own dear land!

\* One of the old, poetic names for Ireland was, as is well known, 'Roisin Dubh or Dark Rosaleen.

My own dear land, I am wishful to be gone,  
To see again the sunlight on the slope of Slieve-na-  
mon,  
To meet again the people of the friendly heart and  
hand  
Who live and love with Rosaleen, my own dear land!

# A Memory

PALM SUNDAY, 1902.

A pearly light upon the water lay,  
The morn was calm,  
The airs that blowing blessed the Sabbath day  
Were sweet as balm;  
The sea birds rested on the peaceful tide—  
They seemed asleep,  
Save when on snowy pinions floating wide  
They swept the deep.

The peace of God upon the circling scene  
Was brooding there,  
Afar the islands showed the tender green  
Of springtide fair,  
Our own belovèd city, known so well,  
Arose beyond,  
Transformed and beautified as at the spell  
Of wizard's wand.

O, that our lives forever thus might be  
So calm, so sweet,  
Removed from all the misery we see  
Where many meet!  
O, that our days might always be as fair  
And free from dole  
As that bright morning when we felt no care  
In heart or soul!

# The Green O' The Spring

Sure, afther all the winther,  
An' afther all the snow,  
'Tis fine to see the sunshine,  
'Tis fine to feel its glow,  
'Tis fine to see the buds break  
On boughs that bare have been—  
But best of all to Irish eyes  
'Tis grand to see the green!

Sure, afther all the winther,  
An' afther all the snow,  
'Tis fine to hear the brooks sing  
As on their way they go;  
'Tis fine to hear at mornin'  
The voice of robineen,  
But best of all to Irish eyes,  
'Tis grand to see the green!

Sure, here in grim New England  
The spring is always slow,  
An' every bit o' green grass  
Is kilt wid frost and snow;  
Ah, many a heart is weary  
The winther days, I ween—  
But oh, the joy when springtime comes  
An' brings the blessed green!



## St. Patrick's Day Memories

Here in the strangers' city  
The winds blow bitter and keen,  
But over the sea in Ireland now  
I know that the fields are green;  
I know that the fields are green, and the snow  
From the hills has melted away,  
And the blackbird sings, an' the shamrock springs,  
On dear St. Patrick's Day!

I know that the bells are ringing  
From many a belfry quaint,  
In many a chapel the *sagart* tells  
The glory of Ireland's saint;  
From many a cabin lowly and poor,  
From many a mansion gay,  
The strains arise to the list'ning skies  
Of sweet "St. Patrick's Day."

I know that the boys are gathered  
Outside on the village green,  
Where many a feat of stalwart strength  
Enlivens the sunlit scene;  
And who would be blaming an Irish youth  
For letting his glances stray  
To the *cailins* dressed in their Sunday best  
On dear St. Patrick's Day!

Here in the strangers' city  
Are fortune and fame galore,  
The poor man's son may win if he will  
A measure of golden store;  
But ever when springtime comes again  
I wish I were far away  
Where the Suir flows and the shamrock grows,  
On dear St. Patrick's Day!

## If Love Only Wait

Ah me, but the day is so long!  
And the toil is so hard, and the brain  
So weary of weighing the right and the wrong,  
So tired of the stress and the strain!  
What dream of delight can endure  
The noise and the dust of the street?—  
Yet if Love only wait at the end of the day  
The toil and the trouble are sweet!

The heart would be roaming afar,  
These sunshiny days, to the green  
Delights of the grove where the singing birds are,  
And the flash of the river is seen;  
But here are a desk and a chair,  
And a task for a poet unmeet—  
Yet if Love only wait at the end of the day  
The toil and the trouble are sweet!

# The Song Of The Bugle

The bugle sang in the night, and rang,  
It startled the sleepers all,  
“Come forth,” it said, “from berth and bed,  
The foemen storm the wall!  
Come forth! Come forth! For out of the north  
They pour like a river of men—  
Up slug! Up sot! Or else, God wot,  
Ye never may wake again!”

The bugle sang in the night, and rang,  
The cresset flared in the gloom,  
What hurrying then of half-clad men,  
Of lordling, yeoman, groom!  
What furious clang as the war-bell rang,  
And the warrior weapons clashed,  
As forth to the fight in the dead of the night  
The soldiers of Ireland dashed!

The bugle sang in the night, and rang,  
It startled the silent street—  
“Come, burghers brave, from your beds, and save  
Your town from the foeman’s feet!  
See knight and squire with spirits afire,  
They rush to the leaguered walls—  
Nay, hold not back, when your foes attack,  
And the honor of Ireland calls!”

The bugle sang as the weapons rang,  
As the enemy charged and slew,  
Through storm and stress of the battle's press  
Its song rose steady and true.  
New strength it lent to hearts forespent,  
New hope when hope was gone—  
Oh, ever the brave command it gave,  
“Fight on! Fight on! Fight on!”

In dust and blood the garrison stood,  
The fight was over and past,  
With many a blow they had chased the foe  
From their ancient walls at last.  
The day-dawn glowed in the east, and showed  
Like a banner of vict'ry red—  
But the bugle rang no more, nor sang,  
For the trumpeter lad lay dead!

## At Night

Often at night my little daughter stirs  
And cries, perhaps at some rude dream of ill,  
But when she feels her father's hand on hers  
She sinks again to slumber sweet and still.

Often at night I, too, from dreaming start,  
Shaken by fears, alas, that are not dreams,  
But when Thou lay'st Thy hand upon my heart,  
O Christ the Comforter, how sweet it seems!

# My Native River

When I am sick of Fortune's quest  
And tired of life's endeavor,  
I hope I may return and rest  
Beside my native river—  
Beside that softly-flowing stream  
Whereon the sunbeams quiver,  
Where breezes play, the livelong day,  
Beside my native river!

The city of the stranger here,  
Oh, I can love it never,  
For sweeter still and far more dear  
I hold my native river.  
My sweetest dreams are still of home,  
And nothing can dis sever  
My heart from those, remembrance knows  
Beside my native river!

I know a spot where willows grow,  
And leaves of aspen shiver,  
Where, in the days of long ago,  
I sat beside the river;  
A pledge of love was giv'n me there—  
Ah, God be with the giver  
Who lies to-day, far, far away  
By that beloved river!



I should be happy here, they say,  
With friends that love me ever,  
But older friends are far away  
Beside my native river;  
The strangers' land is rich and fair,  
But may my soul deliver  
Her latest sigh to God on high  
Beside my native river!

# To Mary, Mother Of Sorrows

Mary, O Mother of Sorrows! Whenever I turn to  
thee,  
I think of another mother of sorrows across the sea,  
I think of another, sitting far over the distant main,  
Her bosom burdened with sorrow and pierced with  
the sword of pain!

Mary, O Mother of Grief! When I gaze on thy pic-  
tured face,  
Rises another picture that nothing can ever erase,  
Ireland troubled and tried, her spirit tormented and  
torn—  
Surely, ye twain are alike in the sorrows that each has  
borne!

Mary, O Mother of Sorrows! Beautiful still in thy  
woe,  
Ever they merge—thy face and the other face that I  
know.  
They are so like each other, ah, well I can understand  
The cause of the love they give thee, the sons of that  
dear old land!

Mary, O Mother of Sorrows! Thy sorrow with joy  
was crowned—

Surely a solace will also for Ireland's sorrow be found.

Surely her faith and her love and her patience through  
all the past

Will win her the crown of joy from the hands of thy  
Son at last!

# The Day When The Green Flag Flies

After the dreary winter weather,  
After the cold and the silence too,  
Spring and St. Patrick's Day together  
Come with a message of hope anew.  
Green grass growing in sheltered places  
Shows its color to weary eyes—  
How can we wonder that all the races  
Welcome the day when the green flag flies?

Wheresoever their sires have sailed from,  
Wheresoe'er they have bowed and knelt,  
Wheresoever themselves have hailed from,  
All are one with the kindly Kelt;  
All are one on this day delightful,  
Under the clear blue springtime skies,  
Irish all by a claim that's rightful,  
Hailing the day when the green flag flies!

Herald of hope and of joys that follow,  
Ireland's day in the springtime comes—  
Seems it not that the summer swallow  
Answers the call of the Irish drums?

Seems it not that the seeds awaking  
Up through the snowdrifts struggle to rise,  
Hearing the noise that the fifes are making—  
Patrick's Day when the green flag flies!

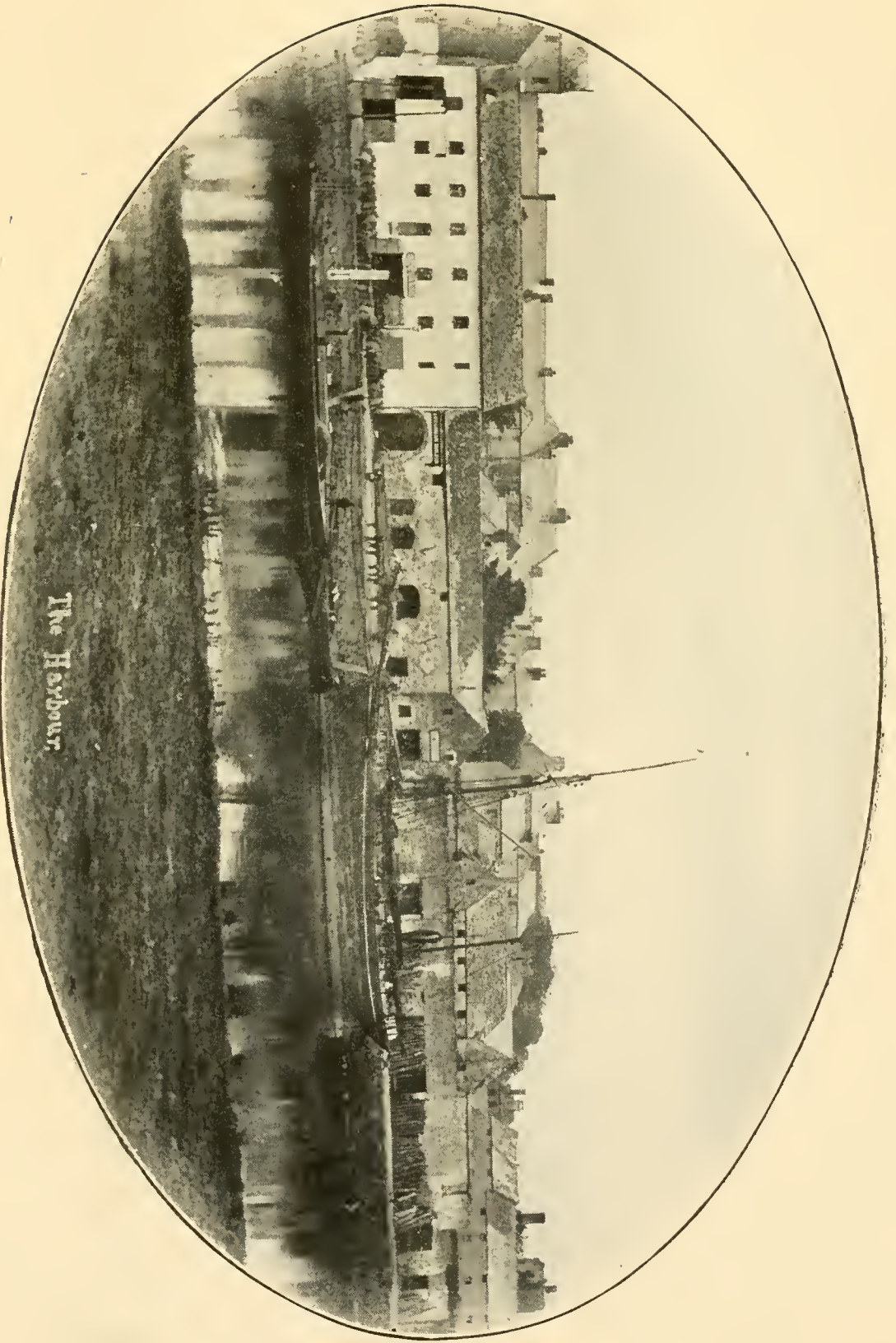
After *your* dreary winter's ended,—  
Olden land o'er the waters blue!—  
Shall we not hope for a springtime splendid,  
Hope for a springtime, even for you?  
Heart and hand shall we cease to strengthen?  
Valor and virtue, cease to prize?—  
Ah, my land, how the sad years lengthen,  
Waiting that day when the green flag flies

## To Mary, Our Mediatrix

Thy Son, O Mary, is the Sun in Heaven—  
Can human eyes withstand His radiance bright?  
But thou, O Mary, as the moon art given  
To cheer our souls with thy reflected light!

Thy Son, O Mary, is the Prince of Splendor—  
How shall we dare to stand before His face?  
But thou, O Mary, art His Mother tender:  
Gain thou for us His mercy and His grace!

Thy Son, O Mary, slain for our transgression—  
How can we ask for aught who used Him thus?  
But thou, whose sinlessness exceeds expression,—  
Take thou our prayers, and offer them for us!



"IN CARRICK TOWN."





## In Carrick Town

On Christmas Day in Carrick town  
Ere yet the dawn illumines the east,  
Before the altar bending down  
Behold the people and the priest;  
What though the way be long and cold,  
And snow lie deep upon the sod,  
They gather as their sires of old  
On Christmas morn to worship God.  
Ah, thus it is on Christmas Day  
In Carrick town so far away!

In Carrick town on Christmas Day  
(Ah me, the simple faith of them!)  
They build a lowly hut, and lay  
Therein the Babe of Bethlehem;  
And all day long from lane and street  
Come rich and poor and old and young  
To see the Crib, and hear the sweet  
"Venite Adoremus" sung.  
Yea, so it is on Christmas Day  
In Carrick town so far away!

On Christmas Day in Carrick town  
The holly gleams above the shelf—  
The *bean a'tighe* \* has on a gown  
In which she hardly knows herself;

\* Pronounced "Banathee," approximately.

No costly viands there are spread  
No blushing wine its glow imparts,  
But humble fare with love, instead  
And kindly words and friendly hearts!  
Ah, thus it is on Christmas Day  
In Carrick town so far away!

In Carrick town on Christmas Day—  
Ah, would that I were there again,  
Though many a friend has passed away,  
And boys that once I knew are **men**;  
Though I have slipped from many a mind,  
And some have e'en forgot my name,  
I think perhaps that I should find  
Some heart among them still the same! —  
Some boy with whom I used to play  
In Carrick town on Christmas Day!

## Prayers And Flowers

The flowers that in youth I brought  
To deck thy shrine, O Virgin dear!  
Are turned to dust, are fall'n to nought,  
Are fragrance fled, this many a year.

Not so do youthful prayers depart,—  
The sweet “Hail Marys” murmured low,  
Retain their influence o'er my heart  
To-day as twenty years ago.

# Christmas In Ireland Long Ago

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,  
The blazing log upon the hearth gave out a cheery  
    glow,  
And lit the kindly faces that I used to love and know,  
At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,  
The holly on the dresser crowned the dishes in a row,  
The Christmas candle beaming threw its light across  
    the snow,  
At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,  
Without the wind might bluster and without the wind  
    might blow,  
Within was peace among us and the kind word to and  
    fro,  
At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,  
I mind the merry music of the fiddle and the bow,  
I mind a song we used to sing, together, soft and slow,  
At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,  
I mind a hand that led me through the darkness and  
the snow,  
To see Our Saviour lying in a manger rude and low,  
At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

Ah, Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!—  
Your memories are dearer still the older that I grow,  
And harder 'tis to keep them back—the tears so fain  
to flow  
For Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago!

# The Niobe Of Nations

Oh, thou land of graves and grieving!

Oh, thou land of tears and sighs!

Beautiful beyond believing

Is the sunshine of thy skies!

Exquisite beyond expression,

Jewel-like thy vales are set,

Oh, thou land of pride and passion!

Land of sadness and regret!

Never land had such adorning

As the verdure of thy hills,

Never did the light of morning

Shine upon such laughing rills.

Nature gave thee in the making

Every gift she could bestow,

Yet thy heart is always breaking

Oh, thou weary land of woe!

Gazing on thy sun-lit valleys,

Strange it is to deem that thou

Still must drain the bitter chalice,

Wear the thorns upon thy brow!

That, with bruised feet and bleeding,

Still thy fate it is to be

On the painful pathway leading

To a constant Calvary!



Oft in bygone boyhood musing  
Have I lain beside thy streams,  
Glorious hopes for thee suffusing  
All the spirit of my dreams,  
Till I almost heard the rattle  
Of avenging spear and shield,  
And the dust of freedom's battle  
Blotted out the smiling field.

Splendid dreams like this have often  
Stirred and cheered thy sons of song,  
But they can not soothe or soften  
Wounds that fester century-long.  
They may flash across our sorrow  
Like a momentary gleam—  
Stern souls thy sons must borrow:  
They must *do* as well as dream!

Soldier-spirits hast thou given  
Nations all the wide world o'er,  
Men whose valor might have driven  
Kings and tyrants from thy shore.  
Foreign fields have known the daring  
Of their cheering, charging line,  
But their swords, oh, mother Erin,  
Flash for every cause but thine!

Oh, thou land so blest by beauty!  
Oh, thou land so curst by care!  
Here we pledge our love and duty,  
We the shamrock badge who wear:  
Though no banners high above thee  
Flaunt thy glory to the skies,  
In thy lowliness we love thee  
Oh, thou land of tears and sighs!

# Day And Night

All day I seek the mean reward  
That falls to earthly strife;  
All day the thought of Thee, O Lord,  
Is crowded out of deed and word,  
Is crowded out of life.

But when I shake my spirit free  
From earthly chains at night,  
The vaulted dusk is filled with Thee,  
And every star becomes to me  
A holy altar-light!

# The Shamrock

Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preaching the Gospel of  
God,

Showed to the people a shamrock plucked at his feet  
from the sod.

“Here is a symbol,” he said, “and a sign of the faith  
I preach!

Here is a symbol,” he said, “and a sign of the truth  
I teach!”

“God is not many but One. One God, One only,  
is He,

God is not many but One, though the Persons in God  
are three,

E’en as the shamrock I pluck for you—” holding it  
forth to them,

“Still is but one, although triple its leaves upon stalk  
and stem.”

Flashed o’er the minds of the people the truth that was  
erewhile dim,

Chieftain and bard and druid, all flocked to the feet  
of him,

Passed from the faiths that had fettered them under  
the pagan rod,

Giving their hearts and their souls and their wills to  
the One True God!

Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preached to the people,  
and made  
Ireland a nation whose sanctity never shall fail or fade.  
Centuries-old is the story—yet Irish women and men  
Love as the badge of their faith the shamrock ever  
since then!

# Maytime In Ireland

When first the springtime, blown from southern  
spaces,

With timorous step invades the city streets,  
And brightens e'en the gray, prosaic places  
Where toilers hurry and where traders meet,  
Ah, then I weary of my sad sojourning,  
My years and years of wand'ring far away,  
And homeward like a bird my heart's returning  
To be in Ireland in the month of May!

All times and seasons in the land of Erin  
Are blest with beauty's gift of grace I ween,  
Each month that passes well may claim a share in  
The bloom and brightness of that island green.  
But which one brings to meadow, mount and mire-  
land

The many charms of Maytime's rich array?—  
Ah, well I know of all the months in Ireland  
There's none so bright or beautiful as May!

For then the hawthorn whitens all the hedges,  
And sweetens all the vagrant winds that blow,  
And then you hear along the forest edges  
The murmur of the myriad streams that flow,

And then you seem to catch from ruins haunted  
The magic melodies the fairies play,  
Ah, then you dwell within a land enchanted  
Who dwell in Ireland in the month of May!

Full many a time in this, the strangers' city,  
I've marked the yearly coming of the spring,  
And from the depths of some profound self-pity  
The tears have flowed at memory's poignant sting,  
And o'er my soul has rolled a tide of sadness  
For boyhood hopes and boyhood's distant day,  
Rememb'ring all the glory and the gladness  
Of youth and Ireland in the month of May!



## Old Cork Beside The Lee

Stately cities rise in splendor  
O'er the land wherein I dwell,  
And they waken feelings tender  
In the hearts that love them well—  
San Francisco's golden gateway,  
Stately Boston, rich New York—  
But I vow I'd leave them straightway  
For a glimpse of dear old Cork!  
Yes, their glories I'd abandon,  
Once again the soil to stand on,  
From which rise the walls of Shandon,  
Far across the spreading sea,  
Once again to see the city  
Where the boys are brave and witty,  
And the girls are sweet and pretty,  
In old Cork beside the Lee!

Stately cities rise in splendor  
O'er the world from pole to pole,  
But I never will surrender  
That old city of my soul;  
She is neither Rome nor Venice,  
Neither Boston nor New York,  
But where'er my tongue or pen is  
I will hymn the praise of Cork!  
Yes, wherever I may wander,

Still my heart will ever ponder  
On that old town over yonder,  
Far across the spreading sea,  
On that famous Irish city,  
Where the boys are brave and witty,  
And the girls are sweet and pretty,  
In old Cork beside the Lee!

Should again our land in splendor  
From her lowly state arise,  
Flinging forth—may God defend her!—  
Her green banner to the skies,  
Many exiles would be thronging  
Back from Boston and New York,  
Just to satisfy their longing  
For a glimpse of dear old Cork!  
Ah, there would be no delaying  
Those whose hearts for years were praying  
On the Mardyke to go straying  
As in days of youth and glee,  
In the charming Irish city,  
Where the boys are brave and witty,  
And the girls are sweet and pretty,  
In old Cork beside the Lee!

## A Moonlit Night

The night is sanctified with holy seeming,  
All nature joins to worship the Divine,  
Like newly-lighted altar-candles gleaming  
The stars begin to shine;

Like incense is the perfume of the valleys,  
The winds like voices sing along the coast,  
While high above the ocean's brimming chalice  
The moon hangs like a Host.

# Robert Emmet

(On Sept. 20, 1803, Robert Emmet was executed.)

In Dublin city, one September day,—  
Ah, me, how fast a hundred years may run!—  
A tragic deed in Thomas street was done,  
A deed whose memory hath not passed away;  
For there begirt by troopers in array,  
Upon a ghastly scaffold in the sun,  
Young Emmet, Ireland's best-belovèd one  
Went forth, the forfeit of his life to pay.

Dead, aye, he's dead. A century of years  
Have strewn their blossoms on his grave since then,  
Have made the grasses green above his head.  
And yet, not dead! Let us put by our fears!  
Young Robert Emmet can not die, while men  
Have hearts to feel, or women, tears to shed!

# The Dream Of You

Dreams I have had of glory and of splendor,  
Rising triumphant over all my fears;  
Dreams I have had pathetically tender,  
Filling my eyes, I know not why, with tears.  
One with the poets all from ages olden,  
Visions have haunted me my whole life through,  
Yet, among all the dreams my heart has holden,  
Sweetest and best I hold the dream of you.

Dreams of delight, of splendor and of glory,  
Over my soul may still assert their sway,  
Dreams too divinely sweet for song or story  
Still be my happiness from day to day,  
Yet though I lived until the land eternal  
Broke like a dream upon my wond'ring view  
Never again I'd know the joy supernal  
Now I possess in this sweet dream of you.

# Oh, Why Are The Bugles Playing?

Oh, why are the bugles playing?  
And the drums—why do they beat?  
And why are the pennants swaying  
High over the crowded street?  
What pageant is it appearing  
Like verdant ribbon unrolled?  
And why are the people cheering  
A banner of green and gold?

The drums so loudly beating,  
The bugles that gaily blow,  
The banners that wave a greeting  
High over the crowd below;  
The stalwart ranks parading,  
The cheers that deafen the skies  
For a flag of green unfading  
That over the column flies—

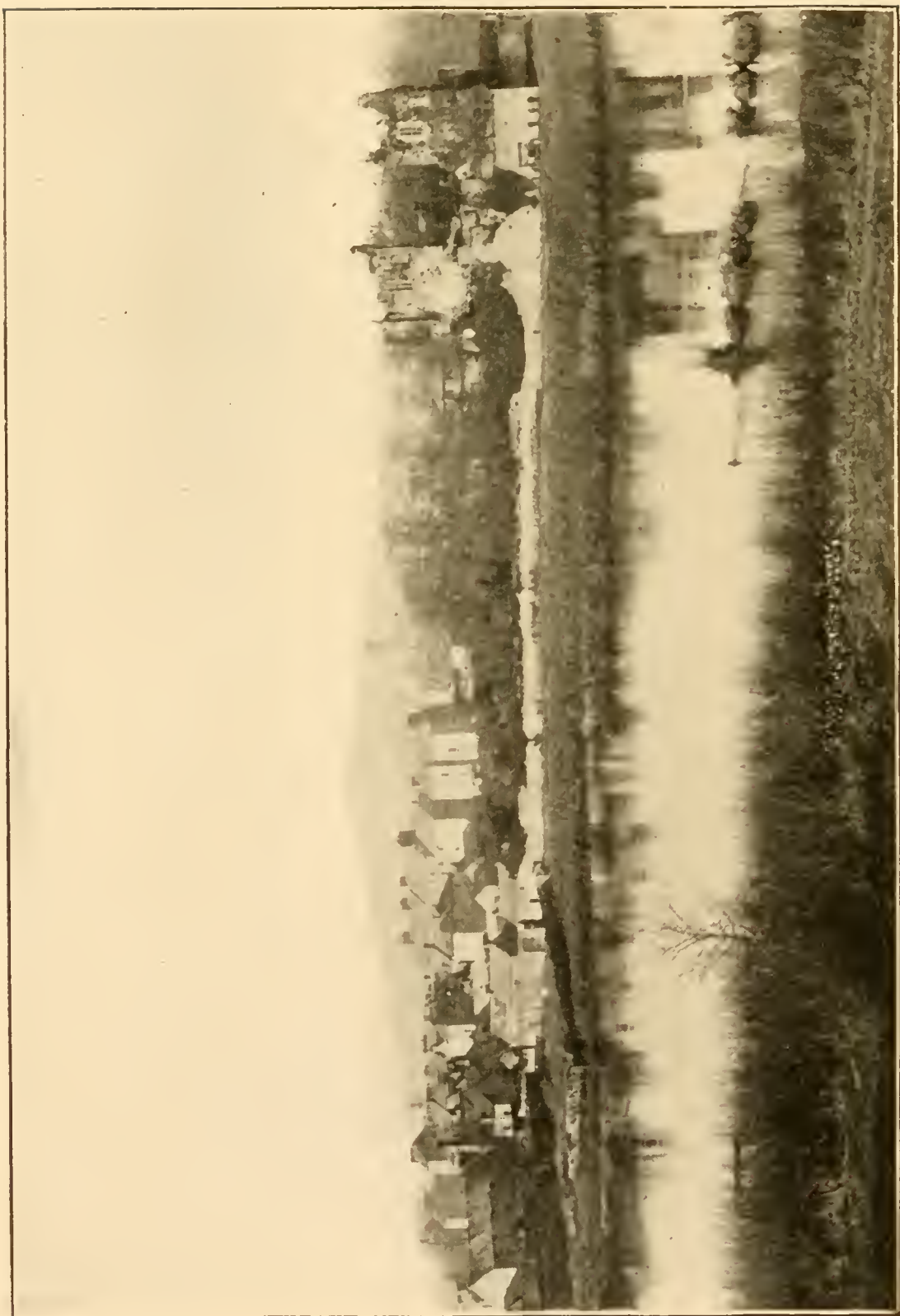
All these are the Gael's expression  
Of love for a land afar,  
All these are his soul's confession  
Of the sweetest dreams that are;

The live-long year he holds it  
Deep-hid in his heart away,  
But wide to the world unfolds it  
In honor of Patrick's Day!

This day wherever he wanders,  
Whatever his name or place,  
With faithful spirit he ponders,  
The home of his ancient race;  
In new lands over the ocean  
To-day he remembers the old  
And follows with deep devotion  
A banner of green and gold!







“WHERE THE SUIR GOES CROONING TO THE SEA.”

# Ireland In The Spring

Oh, far away in Ireland now  
The soft spring breezes blow,  
From dewy-spangled bough to bough  
The birds fly to and fro.  
With chirp and trill the air they fill,—  
Ah me, how sweet they sing!—  
The world is glad and music-mad  
In Ireland in the spring!

Oh, far away in Ireland there  
Are laughing streams that flow  
Through verdant valleys where the fair,  
Sweet-scented hawthorns grow:  
And every breeze that stirs in these  
Is sure a shower to fling  
Of blossoms white as snow at night—  
In Ireland in the spring!

Oh, far away in Ireland rise  
The distant mountain peaks,  
And many a raptured eye descries  
The Galtees and the Recks:  
What varied hues of misty blues  
On slope and summit cling,  
What shine and shade in glen and glade,  
In Ireland in the spring!

Oh, far away in Ireland, I  
Am fain to be to-day,  
Beneath the tender Irish sky  
Where once I used to stray.  
The livelong year I'm happy here  
Until the robins sing;  
Ah, then I sigh for wings to fly  
To Ireland in the spring!

## Father O'Growney \*

By the wash of the far Pacific,  
Alone in his grave he lies,  
Afar from the gleam of his native stream  
And the smile of his native skies,  
The turf of his tomb may blaze and bloom  
With the splendid flowers of the West,  
But 'tis all unmeet for his last retreat—  
He should lie in old Erin's breast!

Oh, his was the tenderest spirit  
That ever from Ireland sprung!  
Can we think unmoved of the way he proved  
His love for the Gaelic tongue?  
Can we think unstirred of the deed and word  
Of the delicate form and frail,  
Who strove to save from Oblivion's grave  
The language of Innisfail?

Ah, no—he is unforgotten,  
His worth shall never depart,  
The sound of his name awakes to flame  
The love of the Irish heart.

\* Since this poem was written the remains of the illustrious priest who did so much for the Gaelic movement have been transferred to Irish earth.

But lonely there, though the place be fair,  
In that grave in the West he seems—  
He would love the best to be laid at rest  
In the old Green Isle of his dreams!

From his tomb by the far Pacific  
Let us tenderly bear him back,  
O'er leagues of land from the foreign strand,  
O'er the perilous ocean's track;  
Let us bring him o'er from a distant shore  
To the place where his people dwell,  
Let us lay him deep for his last long sleep  
In the land that he loved so well!

# Robin With The Rosy Breast

Robin with the rosy breast—

I can hear you when the morn  
Gilds the sky from east to west  
With the gold of day new-born;  
I can hear your liquid note,  
Like a fountain falling fair—  
Robin with the ruby throat,  
And the manner debonair!

Robin with the rosy breast—

When you came this way last year,  
Came to mate and came to nest,  
One who loved you well was here;  
All things sweet the world possessed  
In his kindly heart had room,  
You he loved among the rest,  
Robin like a rose in bloom!

Robin with the breast of flame—

Golden-sweet your song may be,  
But 'twill never be the same,  
Nevermore the same to me;  
Sunlight falls on wood and wave,  
Summer reigns from east to west—  
But you're singing o'er his grave,  
Robin with the rosy breast!



# The Hills O' Carrickbeg

The hills o' Carrickbeg, *a gradh*, I'm dreamin' of  
    'em yet,  
An' many a time with tears for 'em, me poor ould  
    cheeks are wet,  
Me poor ould cheeks are wet, *a gradh*, me heart is sick  
    an' sore  
With longing for the Irish hills I'll ne'er be seein'  
    more.

The hills o' Carrickbeg, *a gradh*, 'tis I that know 'em  
    well,  
'Tis often I could see 'em and I walkin' to Clonmel,  
I walkin' to Clonmel, *a gradh*, from Carrick down  
    below,  
The sight of 'em would cheer me every step I had  
    to go.

The hills o' Carrickbeg, *a gradh*, are green as green  
    could be,  
No hills in all America are half so green to me,  
No hills in all America, me longin' e'er could cure  
To see the hills o' Carrickbeg that rise beyand the  
    Suir!

I love the hills o' Carrickbeg, I love each blade o'  
grass,  
O'er which I used to ramble on a Sunday afther Mass,  
Ah, Sunday afther Mass, *a gradh*, young heart an'  
lively leg,  
I roamed with friends an' neighbors o'er the hills o'  
Carrickbeg!

'Tis often as a boy, when I remembered Ireland's  
wrong,  
Or when the heart within me thrilled at some old Irish  
song,  
In fancy I could hear the noise o' battle rise an' swell,  
An' see the foemen flyin' from the hills I loved so well!

The hills o' Carrickbeg, *a gradh*, I never more shall  
see,  
Until I die they'll only be a memory to me—  
Ah, many a place in dreams I trace from Coolna-  
muck to Cregg,  
But first and best of all the rest, the hills o' Carrick-  
beg!

## In The Fields O' Ballinderry

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, in the opening of the spring—  
Sure, 'twas there myself was merry, sure, 'twas there  
    myself could sing,  
Sure, 'twas there my heart was happy (for the world  
    I didn't know)  
In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, when the summer time  
    came on—  
How we blessed the cooling breezes from the slopes  
    o' Slieve-na-mon!  
How the singing river wooed us to its waters far  
    below—  
In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, when the corn-crake had  
    called,  
When the reaper's work was ended and the harvest  
    home was hauled,  
On the last load riding gaily laughed the children  
    in a row!  
In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, in the winter cold and white  
Glowed the hearths o' Ballinderry in the darkness  
of the night—

Sure, the beggar-man from Kerry and the rambler  
from Mayo

Found a friend in Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

Ballinderry, Ballinderry, what a change there is  
to-day,

Though the place is there as ever, ah, the faces—  
where are they?

Gone the merry-hearted maidens, gone the boys I  
used to know

In the fields o' Ballinderry, Ballinderry, long ago!

## O Little Lamp

O little lamp that glows before the shrine  
Of Christ the Lord, here in the chapel dim,  
I would the tireless constancy were mine  
Wherewith your radiance serves and honors Him!

O little lamp! your steadfast worship shames  
My hours of deep discouragement and doubt,  
When fitfully with love my heart up-flames,  
And then in dark forgetfulness goes out.

## Christmas Time In Ireland.

At Christmas-time in Ireland how the holly branches  
twine

In stately hall and cabin old and gray!  
And red among the leaves the holly-berries brightly  
shine,

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away.  
And brighter than the berries are the kindly Irish  
eyes,

And cheery are the greetings of the day,—  
The greetings and the blessings from the Irish heart  
that rise

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

At Christmas-time in Ireland you can hear the chapel  
bell

A-calling ere the dawning of the day,  
You can see the people thronging over field and over  
fell,

To the “early Mass” in Ireland far away;  
And saintly are the soggarths \* that before the altars  
stand,

And faithful are the flocks that kneel and pray—  
Ah, surely God must show’r His choicest blessings on  
the land

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

\* Properly, *Sagairt*.

At Christmas-time in Ireland there is feasting, there  
is song,

And merrily the fife and fiddle play,  
And lightly dance the colleens † and the boys the even-  
ing long,

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away;  
There is light and there is laughter, there is music,  
there is mirth,

And lovers speak as only lovers may—  
Ah, there is nothing half so sweet in any land on  
earth

As Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

At Christmas-time in Ireland there is sorrow, too,  
for those

Who scattered far in exile sadly stray,  
And many a tear in silence for a friend beloved flows

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away;  
But still amid the grieving is a hope to banish fears,  
That God will send them safely back some day,  
To know again the happiness that long ago was theirs  
At Christmas-time in Ireland far away.

† Properly, *Cailini*.



# The First And Last Gift.

When Christ a Babe on Mary's breast  
Lay fondly folded close to her,  
Came Kings from out the distant East  
And offered Him their gift of myrrh.

And when, upraised against the sky  
In after years on Calvary's hill,  
The Son of Man was nailed to die,  
The gift of myrrh was offered still.

# Songs At Christmas

## I—THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When Jesus Christ, a little child,  
In Bethlehem was born,  
There shone a star across the wild  
More glorious than the morn.  
It glowed and gleamed, it blazed and beamed  
Above the lonely hill—  
Ah, blessed star of Bethlehem,  
It lights the nations still!

## II—THE VISION OF MARY.

Lo, the Infant holy  
In the manger lies,  
See, the shepherds lowly,  
Gaze with rev'rent eyes.

Mark the Mother Mary—  
Say, ah, can she see  
Him, her God, her baby,  
Nailed upon the tree?

## III—ST. JOSEPH'S VIGIL.

Silently, with claspèd hands,  
By the manger Joseph stands,  
O'er the Infant in the straw  
Watching with a holy awe.

Guardian of the Mother mild,  
Guardian of the holy Child;  
Artisan to whom is given  
Knowledge of the things of Heaven;  
Lowly one who knows and sees  
God's eternal mysteries!

#### IV—WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN.

When Christ, a little Babe, was born  
In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,  
When Christ, a little Babe, was born,  
Oh, years and years ago.  
With voices sweet, the angels came  
To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,  
And sang the Infant Jesus' name,  
Oh, years and years ago!  
With hasty steps the shepherds went  
To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,  
And low before their Saviour bent,  
Oh, years and years ago!  
Ah, would I had been there to see,  
In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,  
The Babe upon His Mother's knee,  
Oh, years and years ago!  
And would I had been there to hold,  
In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,  
My cloak between Him and the cold  
Oh, years and years ago!

# The Road To Bethlehem

*"There was no room for them in the inn."*

Along this road one evening long ago  
Two weary travellers came to Bethlehem,  
And sought for shelter at the inns; but, lo!  
In all the inns there was no room for them.

From door to door went Joseph, grave and kind—  
From door to door he went in Bethlehem;  
No place to shelter Mary could he find,  
Beneath no roof-tree there was room for them.

And so, with one mysterious Star o'erhead,  
They came unto a hillside bleak and wild,  
And there among the kine, beneath a shed,  
The Holy Mother bore the Holy Child.

O foolish folk, what blindness held your sight?  
O heedless folk of olden Bethlehem!  
Could ye but know who sought a place that night,  
I ween ye had found room enough for them.

O Christian men, O Christian maids and wives!  
How can ye blame the folk of Bethlehem,  
If God's Elect are strangers in your lives,  
If in your hearts you have no room for them.

# Under The Rose

W. H., September 25, 1902.

Under the rose he lay last night,  
Under the lily and rose.  
Red was the rose and the lily was white,  
Gleamed over all the tapers' light,  
But he, who loved the scent and the sight  
Of every flower that grows,  
Lay still and cold in the silent night  
Wrapped in serene repose,  
Still and cold he lay in the night—  
Under the rose!

Like to the lily his soul was pure,  
But his heart—his heart was a rose!  
Little he cared for the worldly lure,  
His hope was set in a Hope secure,  
In faith and hope was his footstep sure,  
In the sight of the God Who knows;  
With us, will his name and fame endure,  
While the heart of a lover glows,  
As lover and friend will his name endure,  
For his heart was a rose!

Under the rose, O let him lie,  
Under the lily and rose!—  
A grave out under the open sky,  
In the boyhood home where he longed to lie  
Where winds of the west will softly sigh,  
And flowers of the west uncloze;  
Far from the clamor and far from the cry  
Of the world, its ways, and its woes;  
Peace to his soul, and let him lie  
Under the rose!

# The Irish On Parade

The sun is shining brightly,  
The wind is brisk and keen,  
The flaunting colors lightly  
Are tossing o'er the scene;  
With bugles gayly blowing  
And flag of green displayed—  
The street is filled with marching men,  
The Irish on parade!

They come with chargers prancing,  
With lilting fife and drum,  
They come with sabres glancing;  
With dancing plumes they come;  
They wear the verdant vesture  
That covers hill and glade,  
The color of undying hope—  
The Irish on parade!

Between the cheering masses,  
Their bay'nets all a-shine,  
The Irish regiment passes,  
Ten hundred men in line.  
The flags that float above them  
Are battle-rent and frayed,  
The "Sunburst" with the "Stars and Stripes"—  
The Irish on parade!

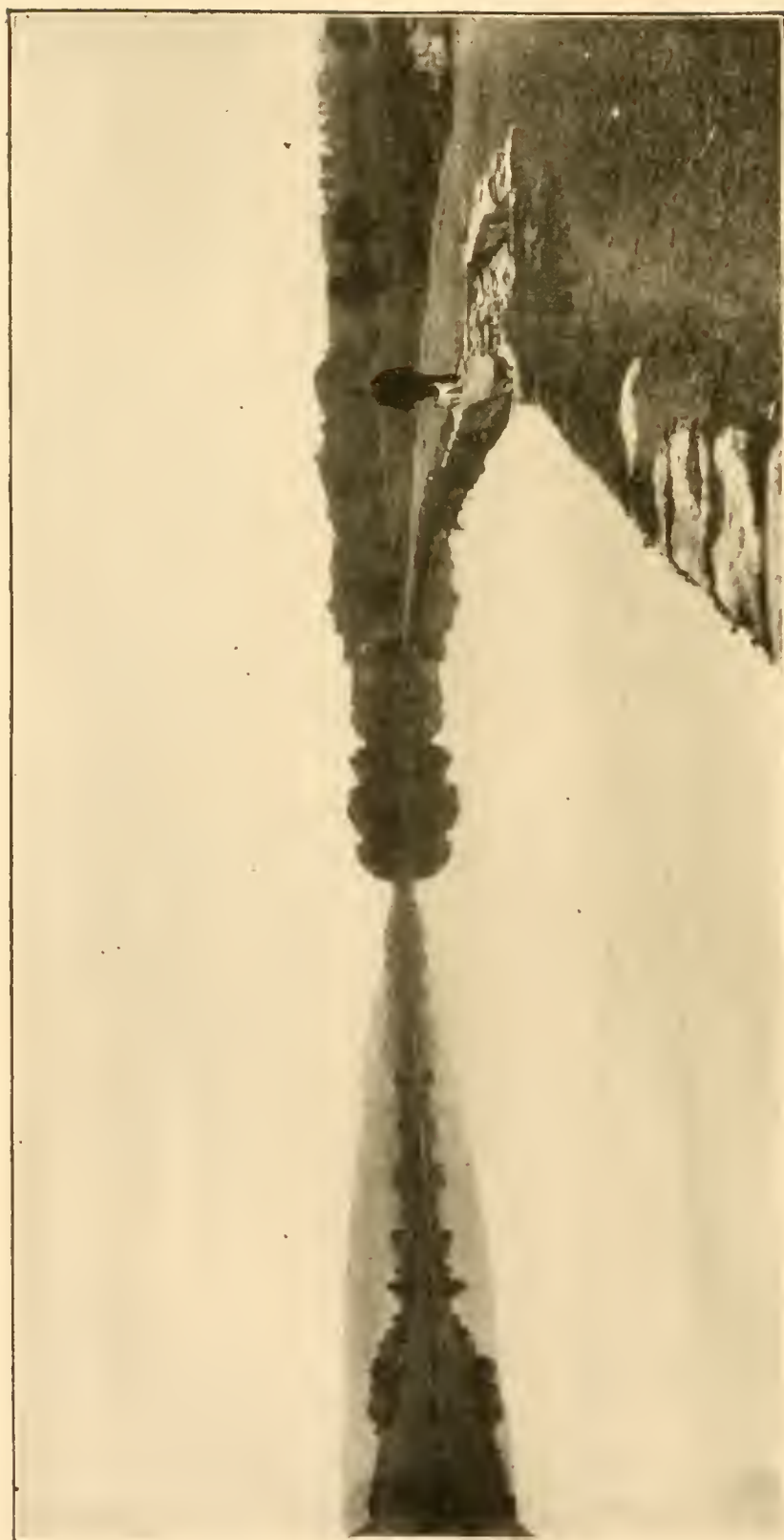
As breaks a gleam of glory  
O'er sullen skies and dun,  
A bright though transitory  
Reminder of the sun,  
So breaks across the dreary  
Routine of toil and trade,  
The life and light and music of  
The Irish on parade!

But has this gathering yearly  
No meaning save to be  
A passing pageant merely  
For curious eyes to see?  
Are Ireland's wrongs forgotten?  
Are Ireland's sons dismayed?  
And do they mean no more than this—  
The Irish on parade!

Ah, no,—by all the glories  
Of Ireland's ancient fame,  
By all the tragic stories  
That cluster round her name,  
It is no idle seeming  
That finds them thus arrayed,  
They'll do and dare for Ireland yet,  
The Irish on parade!







“ WHERE THE SUIR FLOWS.”

# The Roses From The Garden

The roses from the garden fling  
Their fragrance on the air—  
They mind me of the way you bring  
Your sweetness everywhere!

Within the heart of each they fold  
A drop of radiant dew,  
As in my heart of heart I hold  
The tender thought of you!

## On That Day

When thy chiefs all danger daring  
Forth to battle went for thee,  
When they raised their standards, swearing  
They would die or set thee free,  
When for thee, their heart's desire-land,  
They went forward to the fray.  
Ah, 'twas good to be in Ireland  
On that day!

When thy sons their feuds foregoing  
Once again united stand,  
Side by side like brothers showing  
How they prize their native land;  
When the love for thee, their sireland,  
Burns all lesser love away—  
Ah, my soul, to be in Ireland  
On that day!

# The Way Of The World

This world is a weary old workshop at best,  
And the work must go on,  
Day in and day out, without respite or rest,  
Still the work must go on;  
However the smile of the morn may invite  
The soul to a day and a dream of delight,  
We must turn from the lure, we must face to the right,  
For the work must go on.

Yes, the work must go on, and the hammers  
must swing,  
And a task to be done confronts peasant and king;  
And the dreamer must stifle the song he would  
sing,  
For the work must go on.

The heart may be heavy, the hand may be worn,  
But the work must go on;  
The spirit within may be tortured and torn,  
But the work must go on.  
Though morning may plunge us the deeper in dole,  
Though evening bring nothing to soothe or console,  
We are yoked to a force that we may not control,  
And the work must go on.

Yes, the work must go on, and the wheels must  
go round,  
And the hammers must swing and the anvils  
must sound,  
And new words must be spoken, new thoughts  
must be found,  
For the work must go on.

A worker outwearied falls down at the loom,  
But the work must go on;  
The toiler that falls for another makes room,  
And the work must go on;  
Another steps into the place and the pay,  
To forward the task howsoever he may,  
And the worker who dies is forgot in a day,  
But the work must go on.

Yes, the work must go on, and the dullest must  
learn  
That the life of a man is of minor concern,  
'Tis our fate to fall out one by one in our turn,  
But the work must go on.

## When Winter Winds

When winter winds are coldest  
On hillside and on lea,  
Still, still, my heart, thou holdest  
A dream of days to be,  
A dream of song birds singing  
A dream of flowers up-springing  
A dream of summer bringing  
Its dear delights to me!

'Tis thus when aught comes clouding  
My spirit's starry rays,  
Comes shadowing and shrouding  
The brightness of my ways.  
However sad or tearful,  
However dark or fearful,  
My heart holds one thing cheerful—  
A dream of better days!

## In Bygone Days—And Now

In bygone days your gallant sons  
Were not content to sigh for you,  
They faced the gallows and the guns  
Full fearlessly to die for you;  
They did their best as they knew how,  
Nor feared their lives to give for you—  
We have a duty here and now,  
Dear land, and that's to live for you!  
To live for you,  
To live for you,  
Our every thought to give for you,  
Not ours to die—  
But ours to try,  
Dear native land, to live for you!

In bygone days your sons of toil  
Were not content with words for you,  
They seized their ploughshares from the soil  
And beat them into swords for you.  
This duty plain before them set,  
Their heart's best blood to give for you.  
Their names will never fade—and yet  
Our duty is to live for you.  
To live for you,  
To live for you,



Our word and work to give for you,  
Not ours to die—  
But ours to try,  
Dear native land, to live for you!

In bygone days your sons would scorn  
The men that meant no deed for you,  
The boasters (would they were unborn!)  
Of burning zeal to bleed for you.  
These braggart warriors of the tongue  
With empty words to give for you—  
They find no foremost place among  
The men resolved to live for you!  
To live for you,  
To live for you,  
Resolved their best to give for you,  
'Tis men sincere  
Can lead us here,  
Dear native land, to live for you!

# The Fellow Who Fights Alone

The fellow who fights the fight alone  
With never a word of cheer,  
With never a friend his help to lend,  
With never a comrade near,  
'Tis he has need of a stalwart hand  
And a heart not given to moan,  
He struggles for life and more than life—  
The fellow who fights alone!

The fellow who fights the fight alone,  
With never a father's smile,  
With never a mother's kindly tone  
His sorrowful hours to guile,  
Who joins the fray at the dawn of day,  
And battles till light is flown,  
Must needs be strong for the fight is long  
The fellow who fights alone!

Ah, bitter enough the combat is,  
With every help at hand,  
With friends at need to bid God speed,  
With spirits that understand,  
But fiercer far is the fight to one  
Who struggles along unknown—  
Ah, brave and grim is the heart of him,  
The fellow who fights alone!

God bless the fellow who fights alone,  
And arm his soul with strength,  
Till safely out of the battle rout  
He conquering comes at length,  
Till far and near into every ear  
The fame of his fight is blown,  
Till friend and foe in the victor know  
The fellow who fights alone!

## The Victor's Wreath

After long years of wearisome endeavor,  
Trouble and toil that seemed to last forever,  
That for whose sole attainment he had striven  
Early and late, into his hand was given.

Only a crown of laurel leaves entwisted—  
Yet he had thought if any joy existed,  
Surely it would be his whose constant passion  
Won for his brows that laurel crown's possession.

Well, it was his away from all to bear it,  
Fated he was to win it and to wear it,  
Bright was the day that on his forehead bound it—  
Ah, but a cruel crown of thorns he found it!

# In Fair Bohemia It Is Always Spring

In fair Bohemia it is always spring,  
Forever there the buds of hope unfold,  
Forever there the birds of promise sing  
Their clearest canticles in wood and wold;  
Forever there the sunset's gorgeous gold  
Foretells the bliss the coming dawns will bring,  
The sweet surprises that the morrows hold—  
In fair Bohemia it is always spring!

Let others enter in the furious race  
For fading honors, fame and golden store,  
But they who dwell in that enchanted place  
Know not the curse of much demanding more;  
A land it is of natures frank and true,  
A land of friendly hands that clasp and cling,  
A land of visions old yet ever new—  
In fair Bohemia it is always spring!

In fair Bohemia it is always spring,  
'Tis always time to sow, and hope, and dream,  
The swallow there is ever on the wing,  
And early flowers bloom by every stream.  
No thought is there of coming blight or cold,  
No cruel sun to scorch or wind to sting,  
No fear of fading or of growing old—  
In fair Bohemia it is always spring!

## To Be Kind

It is hardly worth while to be anything else but kind,  
There are sinners around us, 'tis true, but 'tis easy  
to find  
That they stumble and fall, not because they are bad,  
but are blind.

It is hardly worth while to be anything else but just,  
For to-day or tomorrow we die, and our bodies are  
dust,  
And the millionaire lies with the beggar who craved  
for a crust.

It is hardly worth while to be anything else but good,  
It is meet that we serve Our Redeemer the way that  
we should,  
It is meet that we love Him and serve Him the way  
that He would.

To be honest and pure, to be faithful and brave and  
resigned,  
Is the standard He sets for a heart and a soul and  
a mind,  
And always and aye to the end, to be kind—to be  
kind!

# When The World Was Youthful Yet

Said my heart to me in youth: "Let us go and leave  
behind

All the tyranny that trammels us in body and in mind;  
Here in Ireland there is nothing to be ventured for  
or done,

But across the broad Atlantic there are fortunes to  
be won."

So the prompting I obeyed and an exile I became,  
I have found but little fortune, I have found but little  
fame,

And the dreams I dreamed in boyhood they are far  
from coming true,

Yet they say I should be happy in the work I have  
to do—

Ah, but the stress of the hurry and the worry!

Ah, but the never-ending fever and the fret!

Ah, but the thought of those days in Ballinderry

When the heart within was merry, and the world  
was youthful yet!

Said my heart to me in youth: "Let us rise and fly  
afar,

There is nothing to be hoped for in the country where  
we are;

Ev'ry day the opportunities of life are growing less,  
And the poor are barred forever from the pathway to  
success."

So the prompting I obeyed, and like others of my  
race,

In the new land I have struggled for a name and for  
a place;

And perhaps I have achieved them and perhaps I  
haven't yet,

But a man can't always harp upon remembrance and  
regret—

Ah, but the stress of the hurry and the worry!

Ah, but the never-ending fever and the fret!

Ah, but the dreams of those days in Ballinderry

When the heart within was merry, and the world  
was youthful yet!

Said my heart to me in youth: "There are fair lands  
far away

Where an honest man may labor on in peace from  
day to day,

Fairer even than the valleys that we see from Slieve-  
na-mon,

And they wait for hands to claim them; let us hasten  
and begone!"

So the prompting I obeyed and an exile I became,

And if fortune hasn't blessed me I have but myself  
to blame,



For the friends within the new land are as true as  
those of old

And I've found within the new land something dearer  
far than gold—

Ah, but the stress of the hurry and the worry!

Ah, but the never-ending fever and the fret!

Ah, but the thought of those days in Ballinderry

When the heart within was merry, and the world  
was youthful yet!

# The Memory Of May

There are memories that linger howsoever men may  
change,  
Howsoever Fortune lures us into places new and  
strange;  
Howsoever on our hearts the hand of sorrow may be  
laid,  
There are bright and blessed pictures of the past that  
never fade.  
Many a happy dream of boyhood in remembrance  
still remains.  
Many a picture of the past my saddened spirit still  
retains,  
But the sweetest, best reminder of the days I used  
to know  
Is the memory of May-time in old Ireland long ago!

Ah the memory of May-time! Ah, the skies so sweetly  
blue!  
Ah, the scented apple-blossoms in the orchard, wet  
with dew!  
Ah, the race upon the river and the hunt upon the  
hill!  
Ah, the vagrant-hearted laddie vainly striving to be  
still!

Ah, the call so clear, so luring, of the cuckoo in the  
glen!

Ah, to follow him, the herald of the summer-time,  
again!

Ah, to leave the years behind us with the burdens  
that we know,

For our youth and all its sweetness in the May-time  
long ago!

Let the city's trade and traffic roll before me as it  
will

I can see the hawthorn shake its snow-white blossoms  
on the rill!

Let the city's noise and bustle roar around me as  
it may,

I can hear a linnet singing in a woodland far away!

Let the city's smoke enshroud me, I can pierce its  
deepest gloom,

I can see a mountain purpled with the heather all in  
bloom,

I can see the children hieing to a place where flowers  
grow—

Ah, those flowers for Mary's altar in the May-time  
long ago!

## A Song of Duty

Sorrow comes and sorrow goes,  
Life is flecked with shine and shower,  
Now the tear of grieving flows,  
Now we smile in happy hour;  
Death awaits us every one,  
Toiler, dreamer, preacher, writer,  
Let us, then, ere life be done,  
Make the world a little brighter.

Burdens that our neighbors bear,  
Easier let us try to make them,  
Chains, perhaps, our neighbors wear,  
Let us do our best to break them;  
From the straitened hand and mind  
Let us loose the binding fetter,  
Let us, as the Lord designed,  
Make the world a little better.

Selfish brooding scars the soul,  
Fills the mind with clouds of sorrow,  
Darkens all the shining goal  
Of the sun-illuminated morrow.  
Wherefore should our lives be spent  
Daily growing blind and blinder—  
Let us, as the Master meant,  
Make the world a little kinder!

## Love's Content

What do I care if day by day  
Down pours the rain from sullen skies;  
No cloud can hide from me away  
The sunshine of your eyes;  
And while I find my sunshine there  
What do I care?

O, let the skies be gray or blue,  
O, let the seasons rain or shine,  
So long as I am dear to you,  
So long as you are mine,  
If days be foul or days be fair,  
What do I care?

# The Troubadour

He sang of olden Spain—the song  
Came upward from the street below,  
And bore in every tone a throng  
Of golden dreams of long ago;  
And all the dead and gone romance  
Of that old land beyond the sea  
Came back to capture and entrance  
My spirit with its witchery.

He sang of olden Spain—there moved  
Before my gaze the warrior men  
Of fair Castile, whose prowess proved  
The downfall of the Saracen;  
With swords of steel and souls of fire,  
Their banners blowing in the wind,  
Rode onward many a knight and squire  
Across the mirror of my mind.

He sang of olden Spain—the land  
With glorious gonfalon unfurled,  
The shadow of whose mailed hand  
Struck terror into half the world;  
The magic of whose name was known  
To strange, wild people over seas,  
The echo of whose fame was blown  
In all men's ears by every breeze.

He sang of Spain, of Spain the crowned,  
Of Spain the faithful, Spain the just—  
Long, long before the lands she found  
Had trailed her banner in the dust;  
While yet to ancient teachings true  
She held the world's supremest seat,  
Long, long before her empire knew  
The dust and ashes of defeat.

He sang of olden Spain—I heard  
A fountain musically fall,  
A wand'ring wind went by and stirred  
A rose-tree trained against a wall;  
A tinkling lute with voices blent  
Went o'er and o'er a lover's rime,  
The while a convent belfry sent  
Across the land the vesper chime.

He sang of olden Spain and ceased.  
My dreaming ended there and then,  
My spirit from its spell released  
Came back to consciousness again.  
The present, commonplace and plain,  
Effaced the splendor and romance  
Evoked by that Castilian strain  
A strolling singer sang by chance.

# A Winsome Wife And Baby

However dark the day be,  
    However filled with woe,  
A winsome wife and baby  
    With love can make it glow.  
However grim and gray be  
    The sullen skies above,  
A winsome wife and baby  
    Can light them with their love!

However sad we may be,  
    However cares annoy,  
A winsome wife and baby  
    Our grief can change to joy.  
However long the way be  
    O'er which we have to roam,  
A winsome wife and baby  
    Can make a heav'n of home!



## When Falls 'The Curtain

When falls the curtain, he who plays the clown  
And he the king, are on a common level,  
The villain with the virtuous one sits down,  
The angel smiles on him who played the devil.  
The peasant fraternizes with the peer,  
And village maids, and courtly dames and queens  
Mingle together without fear or sneer—  
They're only players all, behind the scenes!

When falls the curtain on the play of Life—  
This play designed to entertain the gods—  
The parts assigned us in its mimic strife  
(Though *now* we think so) will not make much  
odds.

Who plays on earth the king will be as mean  
As any thrall that wearied him with prayers—  
Peasant and peer, and country girl and queen,  
Behind the scenes, will all be only players!

## A Ballad Of Equipoise

We must retain our equipoise  
No matter how the world may wag,  
Despite the clamor and the noise,  
Despite the fever and the fag;  
Though long-expected fortune lag,  
And time our dearest dream destroys,  
No matter how the world may wag  
We must retain our equipoise.

We are no longer maids and boys  
Affrighted at a withered hag,  
Aggrieved because of broken toys—  
Possessions that we once could brag;  
But we can scorn the cares that nag  
And flout the grief that fate employs,  
No matter how the world may wag  
We must retain our equipoise.

We must retain our equipoise,  
We musn't let our spirits flag,  
The sweetest pleasure often cloy  
The brightest day will sometimes drag,  
The whitest page was once a rag,  
The truest coin has some alloys—  
Whatever way the world may wag  
We must retain our equipoise.









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